

THE OMEN

PRESIDENT GREG

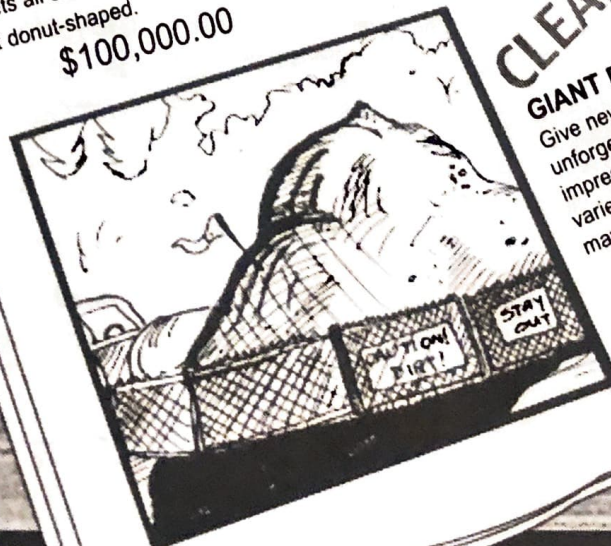
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omen

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SEPTEMBER 14, 2001

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Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

to submit

Submissions are due **Fridays before noon**. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Benni Pierce: **Prescott 96C, Box 916, x5014**. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to mpierce@hampshire.edu. Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING MAMA,
THEY'RE GONNA CRUCIFY ME ...
OR DO ME UP THE BUTT.

QUOTE ATTRIBUTED TO J WILDER KONSCHAK



FROM THE EDITOR



Welcome, one and all, to the happiest place in Eastern Massachusetts next to the Yankee Candle Company Headquarters and the Waitley Diner. Yes, Hampshire College, the bastion of hope for all. For only \$34,000 a year, you too can take part in this unique educational experience. Enjoy the one-on-one atmosphere of having your own advisor and small, personal classes, the startling dining experience of Sodhexo-Marriott, the ability to create your own student group AND receive student funding from a committee run by students, and even the inalienable right to become ruler of the universe and tell everyone what to do because you are better than all of them. **RIGHT HERE!** Hampshire College: don't miss it.

"What you say?"

You heard me! Hampshire College. We're each an individual here with individual thoughts, allowed to think and feel and behave the way we want to. No huge masses of mainstream maniacs telling us to watch "TRL" or "Road Rules" or "Blind Date." No backwards country folk telling us to watch "WWF RAW is WAR" or "Dukes of Hazard." We don't have to listen to the same old pop music that every other teeny-bopper in America is listening to because we have more sense than to be like everyone else! That's why we're all here, at this fine institution, where even a magazine that promotes free speech, giving the writer the ability to say anything he or she wants to say, can exist. Any member of the Hampshire community can speak out, and the Omen will be there as their own personal soapbox.

"What you mean?"

What I'm saying is that free speech is dead,

and yet, this fine institution allows us to still duel, using our words as weapons instead of our fists, like all of the other neanderthals out there. We don't need to hide behind brass doors and brick walls, we don't need to shield ourselves from each other when we are able to work it out through discourse instead of disgust. We are but human beings with a power to control and command our own destiny.

"What you are?"

Yes, I am. Hampshire College has taught me to love my fellow student, despite his or her actions. To forgive and allow them to express themselves in such a way as to be a part of this institution, but also exhibit traits of their own evolution. I don't fear walking the campus at night, I don't fear the light of day, I don't fear what anyone has to say, because I know that its all in the name of this unique educational experience.

"Pretend I'm a first year, and explain it to me in first year terms."

HAMPSHIRE=GOOD.

"Oh."

And art for art's sake still thrives here! Just because there isn't a lot of funding doesn't mean that Hampshire students don't get a right to say whatever they want within the context of their art. As long as this institution exists, I can still smear blubber all over my naked body and attempt to discern what it means for me to be a white straight male in our less than perfect world.

"Sounds great? How do I sign up?"

As a final note, when none of this works, Hampshire offers a simple final solution: taking your fellow student or students to Community Review Board.



The Omen is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the Omen receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The Omen will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and

understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the Omen do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no Omen staff; the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings: every other Tuesday (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport Lounge, 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living and dead, should come.

The Omen loves you.



14 SEPTEMBER, 2001

SECTION LIES

13 POEMS ABOUT A SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Prozac
Salt-rain
Burns my eyes
Alone.
A Celebration.

Zolof
Aaaaaaah!!!!!!!!!!!!

Nobicane
Muffled screams.
-ahem-
Excuse me.
Puffy dreams.

Morphine
Flower
Stale-smelling-
Loss of consciousness:
Santa Claus and naked elves.

Clariton
Styraphone father,
Visitation rights
Talk of god. And Sports!
A clear nasal passage?

PCP
Mother Theresa,
Pope John Paul 2,
Rosie O'Donald,
Jesus Christ.

Riddian
Bubbles
Pop, pop, pop,
Te-he, te-he, te-he,
But who are we?

Marijuana
Heroin,
Cocaine,
Cookie doe,
Black-tar Heroine,
A gateway home.

Viagra
12 CD's free!.
Doublebonus!.
One extra for only five dollars!.
Just shipping and handling,
And handling, and handling, and
handling...

Lithium
Sock-puppy
Baby talky
"Would you like to go for a walky?"

LSD
Maybe we should go to Hampshire
for Halloween this year.

Robatusin

Government Employees AOL
Chatroom
LordThor316: I like whales too. (= Bob576854368: How about Dolphins?

LordThor316 Signed off 10:17 A.M.
Bob576854368: Are you there?
LordThor316 Signed off 10:19 A.M.

Bob576854368: Hello?
LordThor316 Signed off 10:23 A.M.
Bob576854368: I'm really freaked out right now

LordThor316 Signed off 10:35 A.M.
Bob576854368: I think I love you
LordThor316 Signed off 11:48 A.M.

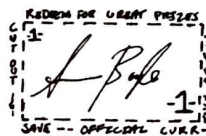
LordThor316 Signed On 2:05 P.M.

LordThor316: Dolphins are cool I guess. (= Bob576854368: Yeah. I think so too.

Sobriety
I wonder what's on TNN?



BY JOHN EVERETT, CONTRIBUTOR



FIJIM CRITIC
FOR HIRE

SHAUN
ROCKS!

BY SHAUN BOYLE, COLUMNIST

I love movies and I love the experience of watching a film with a large audience. Usually I don't really have trouble writing an *Omen* article about film, apart from some standard laziness, but this summer was a real test for my love of movies. I mean, Jesus, this has been the most horrendous summer for movies since (well) last summer. Now, I speak mainly of mainstream Hollywood films because I did see *Sexy Beast* and *Apocalypse Now Redux* over the summer as well. As I was led on to believe by the studios, the summer is supposed to be about event films. Films where I could suspend my disbelief for ninety minutes and just have a good time. Looking back at the end of the summer, I can honestly say I only thoroughly enjoyed myself in two films.

Evolution (Dir: Ivan Reitman) - That's right I enjoyed myself in *Evolution*, which was by far the best comedy of the summer. What can I say; I've always been a sucker for Ivan Reitman comedies since my dad showed me *Stripes* when I was a little kid. Of course *Evolution* is not even on the same level as say *Dave* or *Ghostbusters* but it works as a good American comedy. I'm not a big fan of the *X-Files* but I do think David Duchovny is a really gifted comedic actor. He has this dry, deadpan delivery that works on so many levels. Also it's admirable that he makes fun of his

Mulder persona in the film, much like Pierce Brosnan made fun of his Bond persona in *The Tailor of Panama*. Plot wise, this film is as easy as they come. We have the man versus alien invader plot with a working class man (a Reitman trademark) versus a corrupt government thrown in for good measure. Orlando Jones, Seann William Scott, and Julianne Moore round out the cast and are all good for laughs in the film. Basically that's all you need to know about the film and I would say *Evolution* is worth a watch when it comes out on video.

Moulin Rouge! (Dir: Baz Luhrmann) *Moulin Rouge!* is the closest Hollywood incarnation of a Bollywood musical in recent memory. Song is not used as a device to move the plot along but as a way for characters to express emotions. This is the first film of Luhrmann's that I've truly liked and before I saw the film I was very skeptical of his use of well-known songs instead of original music. It didn't work in *A Knight's Tale* and I had little confidence in the man who butchered *Romeo and Juliet*. He fucking nailed it though, and in the process created an amazing cinematic experience. So amazing, in fact, the whole audience stayed through the entirety of the credits both times I saw it. Unfortunately after talking to a lot of people about the film, they either love it or hate

it, but I think only a great film can create such a divided response among people.

And the most disappointing movie of the summer was...

Artificial Intelligence (Dir: Steven Spielberg) I found myself thinking if Kubrick had directed this film then it would've been great. I've seen the film three times now and I don't think Kubrick would've directed the film if he was still alive. I'd like to think he was a smart enough to eventually give up on the project. I don't think he could've ever figured out how to make David a completely sympathetic character to the audience. Spielberg tried to achieve this on a superficial level by making David's interactions with humans a horrific experience but he never solves the problem of how can we as an audience feel sorry for a character that has been programmed to love. This whole idea of artificial intelligence is briefly skimmed over in the last thirty minutes when the advanced mechas (trust me they're not alien beings) uncover the ice bound David but Spielberg shies away from answering real questions and instead creates a pseudo-happy ending sure to please virtually every important demographic. All the film's flaws aside, however, I still think it's a good movie—but the most frustrating movies are the ones that could've been great.



14 SEPTEMBER, 2001

5

FICTION, POETRY,
SATIRE, AND
OTHER STUFF

VOLUME 17 NUMBER 1

WALKING ON EGG SHELLS

Picture yourself as a naïve incoming first year student. You receive a mailing about orientation that allows you to pick what group you are interested in. You're not into camping, and you want a group that will show you what life at Hampshire is like, as well as providing a liberal schedule that will allow you to settle in. You choose this:

#22. TAKING ACTION: BUILDING COMMUNITIES FOR CHANGE: This trip's focus will be on creating social change in ways that are positive, reflective, and applicable to everyday life. We will cover such topics as how to maintain balance between activism and school work; how to be aware of how race, class, gender, and sexual orientation play out in group dynamics; and how to create a positive activist culture.

The goals of this group will be to help incoming students build really tight friendships and to get comfortable with Hampshire and the surrounding area, from where to rent movies to where to find free food on campus. We will emphasize the many resources on campus for activism, such as how to have your activism also be your work-study job, or how to have access to Hampshire vehicles. Our biggest goal is to do it all while having tons of fun, watching movies, taking trips off campus, and playing

games. No experience necessary.

Sounds engaging and stimulating, right? Well, if your idea of an active dialogue is sitting around and staring at each other in silence is intriguing, then this was the group for you. We began on Thursday by creating 'group rules.' These rules were meant to keep things comfortable between everyone as we tackled controversial topics like race, diversity, and power dynamics. However, these rules only served to make us more uncomfortable. It began to feel like we couldn't say anything. If this group's purpose was to facilitate dialogue between different members of the Hampshire community, it did so in a manner that was intellectually stifling. Participants were often rebuked for certain terminology that they used that was not politically correct.

Now, we are all for equal rights,

"HAPPENS" MAKES IT SOUND LIKE IT WAS SOME KIND OF DREADFUL ACCIDENT ...

but we're not going to say 'people of color' (which color, white, black, purple???) or say 'a person that happens to be Jewish.' To borrow George Carlin, they don't HAPPEN to be Jewish, they ARE Jewish. "Happens" makes it sound like it was some kind of dreadful accident that someone was Jewish. The sensitive nature of many Hampshire students is extreme. It is often not the terminology that is used, but the intent behind it. Hampshire is supposed to be a TOLERANT school. This means they should

be more accepting of everyone's individual choice of language, as well as realizing that what is offensive to one is acceptable to another. This is also an institution of learning in which no one should be made to feel ignorant for expressing his or her views differently. It also must be emphasized that the group's main intent was to have 'tons of fun'. Well, we had fun. Wait. That was the time not spent with the group in the few precious hours of free time that we had. The rest was similar to watching grass grow in the middle of an Amherst winter. For us, taking long walks around campus in the heat for no particular reason and coming to 'consensus decisions' over things we couldn't care less about just doesn't do it in the 'fun department.' It was almost like being at summer camp- there are a whole bunch of activities you're basically forced into doing and you're not given any free time. Being babysat just isn't the way to usher incoming first years in. To quote Oscar Wilde, "Life is far too important to be taken seriously." This is the advice the group should have received before trying to change the world by avoiding the real issues. Instead of worrying about what is PC, watching outdated videos similar to the Real World, and using thumbs up/thumbs down to come to consensus on trivial issues, the group should have actually tried to have some fun. Because if activism was really like Group 22 well...then the world may be in serious trouble.



MMM....KNEE JOINT



BY ROSALINA VALDEZ, COLUMNIST

For those of you that don't know me, well, I'm a second year with this incredible knack for being clumsy, silly, and putting her foot in her mouth constantly. Over the summer I honed that skill to a science and have written down the top three incidents in which I tasted my knee joints.

Joking about Seizures: I enjoy joking about seizures. I

mention seizures as a way to get out of things I don't want to do. While working at Borders this summer, I was joking around with some of my co-workers about seizures and then one of them told me that he was an epileptic.

Joking about Mormons: Yet again, while in the break room at work, I made a comment about Mormons and their polygamy....my now close

friend, Joshua, then told me that he was a Mormon.

Joking about Killing Customers: I was in the midst of a weekend from Hell and while I was talking about it to my friend from work, I mentioned how I just wanted to kill the rude cafe customers I had to deal with. Then I look up to see that a couple of customers had heard me.

"RAIN DROPS KEEP FALLING ON MY HEAD!"

(THIS IS THE CONTINUATION OF THE NEAR-ISSUELY FEATURE

ON TORTURE THAT BEGAN LAST SEMESTER)

This week, I want to discuss the specifics of what is called water torture. There is not a lot of historical information for this sort of punishment/interrogation, presumably because this sort of "general" torture, or anything that doesn't involve a contraption of some sort, is probably pretty hard to pin down to any one inventor throughout history. There are many variations on water torture, each with their own "ethnic" description...

"Chinese" water torture: the famous one everyone probably thinks of when they hear "water torture." A victim is tied down so that he cannot move while water is slowly drip-dropped on his forehead.

"Spanish" water torture: This was the name given by one web-site to the interrogation technique that involved plugging a victim's nose and mouth, binding, and suspending him head down, and pouring buckets of water on his head to simulate drowning. There is an American version of this torture that was used in prisons in the 19th century that involved placing a victim's chin in water, while buckets were poured onto his head while strapped into a device to easier facilitate the torture. Unfortunately, besides an old photograph and drawing of the device, any information on its inventor or date of creation could not be found.

"Japanese" water torture:

This involves binding a person's arms and legs behind him, laying him on his back, and placing a damp rag over the face so that the person inhales the water vapor and slowly drowns. Another method I've read about as being described as "Japanese water torture" involved forcing the victim to continually drink water, and then beaten and jumped on until the stomach burst. Unfortunately again, I cannot relocate the web-site that specifically refers to it as such.

Resources:
www.angelfire.com/md/gina/page8.html
www.kimsoft.com/korea/eyewit11.htm
www.theelectricchair.com/torture.htm





LIGHTLY OILED HAIKU

My little sister
Is no longer what she was.
She used to be sweet.

My little brother
Is now much taller than me.
His voice has broken.

These things confuse me.
A horribly bitchy girl
A tall, sullen boy.

Who are these people?
Where are my little siblings?
Can I have them back?

My summer was long.
Theatre in the outdoors,
In the dirt and heat.

Outdoor theatre
Is just a stupid concept.
Bugs, rain, dirt, insects.

I want my package!
I mailed it a week ago!
More than that, even!

Drunk people outside:
You are a spectator sport.
Too bad you're so loud.

Sushi is so good.
Seaweed, rice, and vegetables.
What more could I want?

Bees build in my car.
But Derrick scares them away.
Thanks, Public Safety.



I am restarting "Ask The Evil Twin." Write in with questions and I will answer them if I feel like it. Unlike the estimable Mr. Edel, I am not going to demand questions about science, just questions in general. Mail your questions to box 283.

And before you ask, yes, I really am an evil twin. Just ask M'issa.

BY KATHLEEN CHADWICK, CONTRIBUTOR

PURSUING RODIN



BY DORIAN GITTLEMAN, COLUMNIST

Kisses. They're the most important and expressive means we have when it comes to our physical interactions with another person. They can mean anything and everything, from the platonic peck on the cheek you give your mother to the crazy tongue war you share with your brand new boyfriend. Kissing is something that everyone should learn to do well, and it is not a given that you will be a good kisser. You can learn. It's not overly difficult. But, despite some misconceptions, it is not instinctual!

Everyone should be under the agreement that kissing, when done properly, is a lot of fun. Many girls I know, including myself, would be content to make out for hours at a time, although I find guys less likely to be satisfied with only this activity, unless they are uncomfortable pursuing anything further. I love kissing, because kissing can be like a conversation. There's lots of different topics, and the heat of conversation can increase or decrease.

One of my greatest problems is when a guy forgets that there are other areas to be kissed besides the mouth. Do you know how sensitive a girl's neck can be? The line of her jaw? Her ears? Her shoulders? Don't let yourself get bored, remove your tongue from her mouth for a little while and use the tip of your tongue to trace your initials on her neck.

And furthermore, when you're kissing a girl, don't just stick your tongue in her mouth like you're trying to choke her. It's not appreciated. And it's very embarrassing for a girl to have to go "Umm... making out with my wisdom teeth is not sexy. Please remove your tongue before I gag." Play. Be gentle. Suck gently on her lower lip, lick the outside of her lips, tease. And for gods sake, relax. There was this guy last year, don't ask me what he was doing, he stiffened his jaw and created some kind of vacuum with his mouth so I couldn't breathe. Generally, you shouldn't need to come up for air, unless the intensity between the two of you is just too much and you're feeling overwhelmed. It's kissing, not kickboxing, don't get out of breath.

And a little more advice. When you're kissing someone, use your hands. Not necessarily to pursue breasts or clitoris or cock, but just to touch him or her. Rub their back, their stomach. That's intimacy, if that makes any sense. If you can enjoy the less obvious flesh, if you can appreciate the shape and feel of your partner, than you're doing well. Explore. Make a map of your partner's body and see all the sights. But keep up the physical contact. It's reassuring.

Now here's the thing. A first kiss is generally not perfect. It takes a little bit of time for one mouth to get used to another and get it absolutely right. Someone could be a wet kisser, or they might like to kiss more hesitantly than you're used to. They run their tongue along your teeth or the roof of your mouth. Sometimes, a kiss just doesn't work, and you can choose to try and change that or not. Sometimes, I just move on, knowing I won't be happy with someone's mode of oral expression. But every once in awhile, you find that really great kisser. They might not have the best skill, but for some reason, they just fit. Every time you kiss is like the

**SUCK GENTLY ON HER
LOWER LIP. LICK THE
OUTSIDE OF HER LIPS.
TEASE.**

first time, not because it's awkward, but because there's that energy. That instantaneous connection. And you'll be hungry

for that, and it's wonderful. The person might be an asshole, a flake, a commitment freak or a bore, but nonetheless, the kiss can fascinate you. And this may be worth pursuing. It is my advice that you should always kiss the people you want to kiss, seek out the great kisses, and if you're not a good kisser, start learning through experience!



14 SEPTEMBER, 2001

Shouting Theatre in a
Crowded Fire



TOUGH LOVE IN THE HAPPY VALLEY

BY GWYNNE WATKINS, COLUMNIST

To the Young'uns of Hampshire College: Welcome to the Living Embodiment of your Admissions Brochure. For the first few weeks of Hampshire, it will be all sheep and sunshine, as you meet dozens of people just like you, and use the phrase "This place ROCKS!" more than you ever dreamed. Unfortunately, something's going to happen between next week and a year from next week. It's known as The Fall, and it's what morphs Enthusiastic First-Years into Bitter Older Students overnight. For me, it hit exactly two weeks into my second year, and I spent a good semester and a half being Thoroughly Disillusioned. I recovered, of course, and I now love Hampshire almost as much as I did in those first ingenuous months. Still, in an attempt to prepare you for the inevitable plunge, I'll now offer you a few tips garnered from my going-on-four years at this wacky institution.

Gwynne's First Four Harsh Hampshire Life Lessons (yay aliteration) -

1. Just because that hot guy in your Philosophy class actually reads Hegel, actually listens to Jets to Brazil, actually weaves his own tapestries, actually has Life of Brian memorized, and actually wants to sleep with you, does not mean he's your soulmate. See, in high school, when you found a

guy could play the guitar AND owned a Dylan album, it seemed like the very hand of Destiny was shoving him toward you. But now you're at Hampshire, which boasts the highest per capita concentration of long-haired angst musician boys south of Vermont. Now you'll be forced to choose your lust objects by radically different standards. Like whether you actually like each other.

2. There are just as many dumb Liberals as dumb Conservatives. I know this is hard to believe, and it offends my sensibilities to this very day. But here's a little experiment: try standing in the middle of the quad and loudly proclaiming a politically ambiguous statement, like "I don't know if I think abortion is okay" or "George W. Bush isn't so bad sometimes." You can say this, right? You can even believe it. I mean, that's what liberalism is about: open-mindedness. So you think. But watch the reactions of your other students when they sense a Different Viewpoint than their own. They suddenly turn into killer dogs and eat the flesh of an uncredited Gary Oldman.

3. Pop quiz: Was the FTAA agreement penned by Satan himself? Pop quiz #2: Do you even know what FTAA stands for? For your own integrity, please do not get behind a cause that you don't under-

stand. And Hampshire "teach-ins", however well-intended, don't count. It's a basic rule of good ethics: you can't effectively argue a cause if you can't effectively argue against it. Also, take all statistics - especially those that are written in chalk - with a grain of salt. (By the way, I'm not sure what the FTAA is, but I do know that WTO stands for What The fOck?)

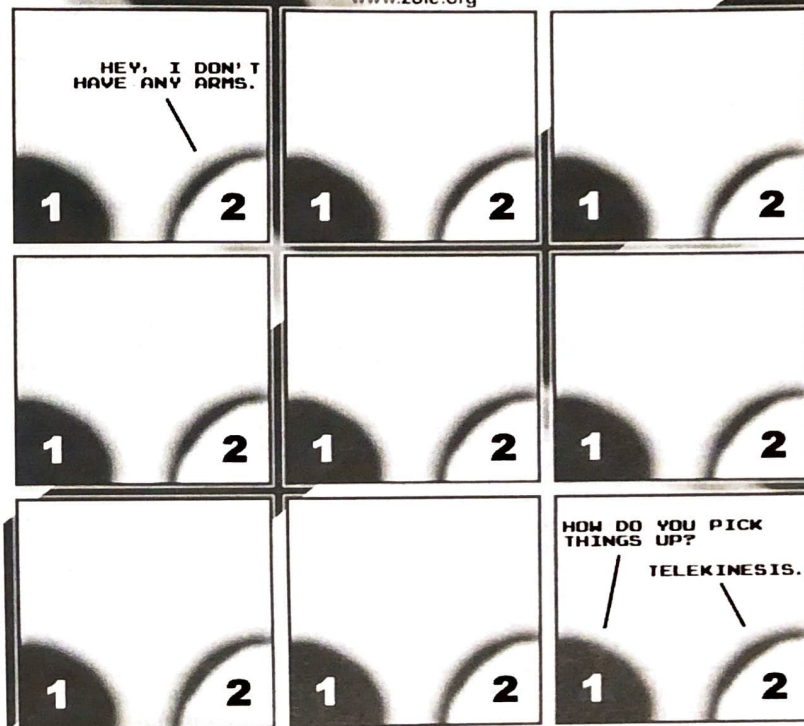
4. Hampshire is, first and foremost, a school. It's not an ideal school, but it's a kickass school, and it deserves your respect. It does NOT deserve shit about how it's not living up to your ideal of a Liberal Utopian Commune, because it's not a Liberal Utopian Commune, it's a Fucking School. For example: There was a controversy a few years back about the Trustees of Hampshire. Turns out that the Trustees (prepare to gasp) are RICH, and are GIVING THEIR MONEY TO HAMPSHIRE! Clearly they are not representative of our interests (being members of capitalist elite), nor are they contributing to our free-from-the-outside-world community. The well-meaning people raising the fuss were clearly forgetting that the role of the trustees is to HELP THE SCHOOL by GIVING US MONEY, thus KEEPING IT OPEN! Hampshire, I'm certain, would love to run smoothly on peace, love, and organic vegetables, but the fact is, it needs money, same as UMass and Yale and Bob Jones University. All of which

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XVII

by M. Zole

www.zole.org



TOUGH LOVE...

continuations

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

have the same goal: to give students a quality education. Naturally, Hampshire can kick their collective ass, but it still needs capitalist bastards to fund the fight.

Is the bubble bursting around you yet? I certainly hope not. Because you should be embracing Hampshire for what it is: not a transcendentalist community of boundless weed-inspired dreams, but an incredible experience in life and learning. Now put THAT in your admissions brochure and smoke it.



14 SEPTEMBER, 2001

HAVE YOU HUGGED A PHYS PLANTER TODAY?

So it is another September and oh look, nothing has changed. Sure we have a big ol' pile of dirt where they say there will be a fabu museum, a sign for the yurt, a heap of new professors, and of course the four hundred and ten new faces to gawk at; but really has anything changed? Hmm let me think for a second... Nope, not a dang thing.

I look around and yup, there it is, the total lack of respect that we still have for the people who keep this campus clean and shiny. That's right kids—I am talking about Phys Plant. Those great people who despite 97-degree weather and little thanks cleaned up after you ingrates all summer, and will continue to do so for the rest of the year.

Seriously, did anyone notice how nice the campus looked when they moved in? Did anyone stop to think, "Gee I bet someone spent all summer cleaning this place, maybe I should think twice about fucking it up?" I doubt it, considering there is already brand spankin' new graffiti on the walls. You might be thinking "Regina, how can you be so sure

that it is new graffiti and not leftovers from last year?"

Well my dear reader I'll tell you how; I spent most of my summer painting over last year's, and let me tell you, once you paint half of Dakin's walls you get to know which of your fellow Hampsters are disrespectful dipshits. Like the guy who left used women's underwear in his heater; to you sir I say what the hell? (And so help me if you were one of the zillion people who complain about their heater come winter). Or the people who felt the need to express their creativity on the walls—have ya ever heard of paper? My favorite of these folks were the ones who scrawled, "You can paint over the wall but you can't paint over me." You'll be singing a different tune when I ambush you with my paint gun in the night. Oh, and lets not forget the custodial staff's pick of the summer—the folks who left used condoms behind. I understand not wanting to bother vacuuming before you leave for summer but good god are ya so spent after the hot monkey lovin' that you can't take the time to throw out the goodies?

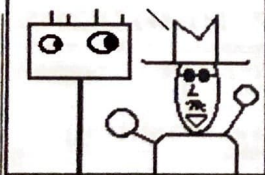
And don't any of you first years think you can escape this

little rant, you guys thus far are the worst yet. In your first week-end some of you proved you are following that grand tradition of trashing what some of us consider our home: I applaud you in doing such a fine job dismantling a \$20,000 piece of art, and setting an innocent recycling shed on fire. Your parents must be so proud.

Come on people how were you raised? Was it OK in your house to paint on the walls? Smush food into the carpet? Leave unmentionables in the microwave? No you say? So why is it OK for you to do that here? The answer is it's NOT! So here is the lesson for this week: "If it is icky for you to throw this out it is ten times ickier for someone else". Learn this lesson well; repeat it to yourselves before bedtime. Say thank you to Phys Plant (baked goods work as well as words), throw out your shit, and have some common decent courtesy for crissakes. Don't make me hire some thug with a bat to take each of you out behind SAGA to beat this idea into you. Lord knows I can't afford to beat you all.

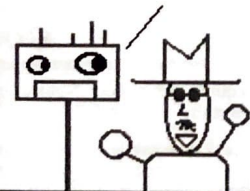


They stole mah guns!
What'm I gonna do?

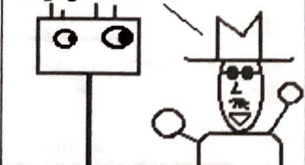


SCREAMIN' STEVEN

HATEBALLS!!!



Where does I get 'em,
and how much does
they go fer?



BY KARL MOORE

ASK, YES

ROCCOLOGY



Yes. Hello. Yes. Hampshire College, Hello. I am great Italian love of women, Rocco Siffredi. I also enjoy fine food and the reading of books. So ask me, yes. Ask me anything in your head. Anything. Look at such examples!

Dear Rocco:

Where are some good places to eat around here?

Ah yes... it is the sadness of my heart to break it on you, but there are no places to eat in the West of Massachusetts that are good. Yes. Most people in this Massachusetts would go to the Garden of the Olives and count themselves lucky to experience such fine dining. I cannot relate to people who are content with such piss-shit. No. Lard and salt, yes, can be used for many things, but fine cuisine takes more, yes. I am a man, yes, and like food with the spices. And I walk in restaurants of the Schezuan and demand, the spices all on my plate! What I am given? It will not make a cow blink, as we say in my Italia! I am swearing, the locals peopling this region must be raised, yes, on dust of the saw and tap-water!

Dear Rocco:

I am trying to find a good diet. I am a little, well, "big", and I'm trying to get fit.

Yes. I have but one suggestion for you. Yes. Stay away from the carbohydrates that are simple. Yes. Like America's beloved potato, yes. It is a simple starch, yes, and breaks down easily into simple sugars. This causes a, how do you say, insulin dump. Is no good for your weight. Stay away, yes.

Dear Rocco:

I'm thinking of buying an American car, for insurance reasons. Which kind should I buy?

The kind you can most easily shove up your chute-poofer? You are from the West of Massachusetts, yes? All I have to say is AHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! No one but the most foolhardy trogo- troglo... cave-man would even consider the possibility of buying such crap-shit! It is looking like it has an engineer by carnival freak-people!

And so it is on. You are getting the idea, yes? Good. Please send all questions you have in the care of the Omen. Yes. I will answer them for you. My mind, it is open.



SUMMER: BAD SMELLS...

continuations

the apartment before us (save Julie) also never paid their bills, so despite us paying our bills on time and switching the names on all the accounts—our cable got shut off at one point, and our phone at two points—plus calls almost EVERY FUCKING DAY from AT&T. I hate you, AT&T. You too AT&T Broadband!

So those were the lowlights of the summer. There were, of course, some really excellent parts as well, but those are no fun to complain about. Oh, and this summer the movies were atrocious. But that's another article, and one I will never, ever write





WRESTLING AND POSTMODERNISM

WRESTLING BORES ME

BY JEFFREY MATERNOSTRO, COLUMNIST

Yeah, you read that funky looking font right. The man who writes who columns about professional wrestling and who is also responsible for a good chunk of the *Omen's* useless content is bored with the men hitting each other in spandex tights. This summer I was all set to make some compilation tapes of the best matches the WWF could offer. I had renewed hope with the arrival of actual good wrestlers into the WWF, including my favorite Japanese buzzsaw, Tajiri!

Of course, this actually meant sitting down and watching a hell of a lot of wrestling, with my finger on the record button. I know people all have their own reasons for watching. Some like to see the Rock raise his eyebrow and talk about sticking things up people's rectums. Others get giddy when Jericho finds 1004 different ways to call Stephanie McMahon "a lady of loose morals" (this is a family-friendly publication after all). I like wrestling. I like Boston crabs, northern lights suplexes, and to a lesser extent, powerbombs. I don't mind the inane attempts at humor at all. I even find they can seriously add to the product. A good promo can get the crowd pumped for a match later in the show. But in the end, there needs to be wrestling.

The summer started off well enough. TLC 4 was a fun diversion. Benoit and Austin tore down the house for two shows in Canada. Tajiri debuted by finding a few dozen different ways to kick

off Crash Holly's head. I was content. Then the Invasion angle started. It seemed like a can't miss. The two biggest "federations" in America fighting for domination. The fact that WCW had been bought by the WWF a few months before was irrelevant. And then, what do we get?

Buff Bagwell v. Booker T. What the hell? No really, what the hell? The audience streamed for the exits. They had to darken the arena. Buff used two chinlocks. WCW tanked right out of the gate. So WWF does some CPR by bringing in ECW. Brilliant, right? The Philadelphia underground sensation of the mid-nineties breathed some life into the angle and even got Atlanta fans chanting "E-C- Dub." So what happens next? Stone Cold turns heel and joins the redubbed "alliance" (next time Vince, buy the rights to the ECW trademark first) after turning face on Smackdown when he had been a heel for the previous few months, hugging Vince McMahon and playing the guitar. He also developed a hearing problem, as he now says "What?" almost every other word. And then, we talk... a lot. Tajiri loses to X-Pac, Undertaker loses to no one. HHH v. Austin is on tap for Wrestlemania X-8 (or whatever other goofy name they are planning for it this year to avoid using roman numerals). Same old, same old. Ratings are down. Matches are two minutes long. It's early 1999 all over again. And I'm bored. When Tajiri and Lance Storm are given two minutes, I'm

upset. And when I have to listen to Stone Cold say "What?" over and over again. I'm angry.

It all came to a head September the third. For the first time in god only knows how long I stopped watching an episode of RAW. It was right after the Christian/Rock match. I think I started to get pissed after the Rock kicked up for the third time after getting beaten on and then kicked Booker T and Shane McMahon's ass after the match. The only match that got over five minutes, was Undertaker v. Test. Hey Taker, just cause you do the world's shittiest STF, you don't have the right to no-sell Steven Richards finisher. And I know its impressive when you do an arm drag, but I'm pretty sure you learn that the first week of wrestling school. I tuned back in (Man, Monday night TV sucks) just in time to see Christian pull off the Memorial Barber Shop heel turn. Almost made me forget that Rock made him his bitch forty minutes earlier.

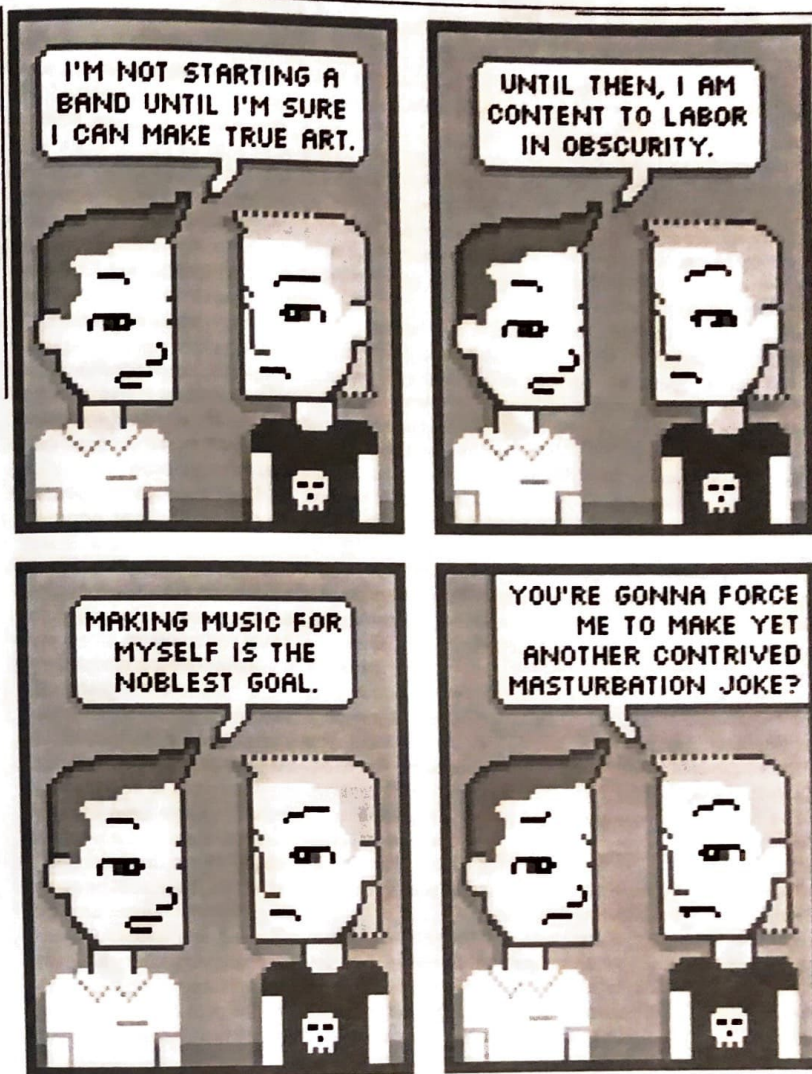
On the plus side, Kurt Angle is coming along nicely. Tajiri is always fun to watch. So much so that he gets the spot on the *WaP* graphic this week. Across the ocean, Mutoh is wrestling like he thinks its 1989 again and his knees aren't made out of jello. Toryumon is out of its summer slump and all is right with my favorite lucharesu promotion once again.

Just don't ask me to smell what the Rock is cooking anymore.



DIESEL SWEETIES

BY R. STEVENS, CONTRIBUTOR



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Section ZOLE



JAY, WHERE'S THE BEAT?

BY MICHAEL ZOLE, COLUMNIST

Good afternoon, and welcome to Section Zole. I'm Michael Zole, columnist and signer for the Omen, and I have to say, I'm very proud of myself. I'm finally starting to figure out things about college (in general, and Hampshire specifically). For example: you have to arrange your room the way you like it the day you get back to school. If you don't, you run the risk that you will get caught up in other things (either studying or finding out how stoned you can get, depending on why you're here) and you'll be left with the profound feeling of ennui that blank dorm walls can bring. Another example: when all that stands between you and a completed Div I is a metric assload of paperwork, you'd better speedwalk between your professor and Central Records as many times as it takes to get that mofo filed.

I think I can be forgiven for taking so long to figure college out. For one thing, everyone lied to me about college during high school. I was told that my college years would give me more free time than any other years of my life; that's patently untrue. Oh, sure, I'll probably remember it that way, but actually graduating from college in four years is not as idyllic as I'd hoped. In high school I had tons of free time. My junior year, I decided to see if I could play the

Legend of Zelda start to finish without dying once. I suspected that I could, but I had to make sure (answer: yep!) But it took a damn long time (Zelda allows you to save your game for a reason) and I can't see myself repeating that experiment with Metal Gear as long as I've got all this... work.

See, in high school, I could buckle down and do my homework in a few hours if I wanted to, leaving me plenty of time for games or guitar practice before bedtime. You can't do that with a Division II. As far as I know, you can't just sit down and belt out a Div II in a day, because the official requirements for passing Div II are (and I quote from *Non Satis Non Scire*): "Survive two semesters of pure, uncut academia. When we deem you have suffered

enough, you may pass. If you do a certain thing, you may be able to enter the top-secret Division Four!" There is no early relief from Div II.

Just pray that your committee has mercy.

So between the lies and my scatterbrained nature, I think I could be excused for being confused by college. But this specific college - Hampshire - exacerbates the situation. I think Hampshire is the only college where the entire campus can be divided into two warring factions who passionately hate

each other when alone in their rooms, but act perfectly civil when meeting in person. Hampshire may be one of a few select colleges where social theories (for example: "all white people are racist") can be accepted as honest-to-goodness, court-admissible fact. That's a head-scratcher right there. I've also seen words like "fetishize" and "otherize" used in total seriousness, despite the fact that Microsoft Word marks both as misspelled and suggests that perhaps I meant to type "feticide" and "etherize".

Don't even get me started on the graffiti that adorned Hampshire's concrete walls last year. "Silence is a hate crime", read the concrete. Evidently the sound of a can of spray paint does not count as silence. I spent many sleepless nights trying to reconcile the graffiti assertion that 90% of white students are at Hampshire. I'm sure this year will not disappoint when it comes to inscrutability: perhaps you've seen the mischievous that reads "While we are in school, others are in prison... we need a revolution" or something like that. Damn straight, we need a revolution! Those prisoners didn't hurt anybody! Some of them didn't, anyway, and according to some pamphlets I read, nonviolent crimes don't count. Or something like that. I couldn't be bothered to read the whole pamphlet; I've got a Div II to wait out.



IF YOU DO A CERTAIN THING, YOU MAY BE ABLE TO ENTER THE TOP-SECRET DIV 4!

OLDER STUDENTS ARE CUTE TOO...

It has come to our attention that older students are being sorely overlooked in today's meat market. So we thought we'd take some time to give a gentle reminder that a lubricated peeled banana is much better for making spiced bread than a midget and that older students are cute and available too. So, young spry first years take notice! And browse through our fine collection of wanton older students.

Lonely in Cole

Single non smoking NS "major" with interests in post-modernism seeks wall climber to reach new heights. Must enjoy community dialogue, llamas, and barefooted trysts through Amherst. Carnivores need not apply.

Hidden in Prescott

Div II film fuck with no committee needs your love. Likes cloves, Kenneth Anger movies and ematiation. Come blood let with me.

Practical Magic

Do you enjoy making your own mead? Cause I do! Nice drug, disease free, elf, seeks powerful class two wizard for long term relationship. Come roll some dice with me!

Data Incomplete

Got Linux? Then I've got something for you.... Older CS concentrator seeks something else to Concentrate on. PC and Mac compatible.

Sweet and Sleazy

Off campus Div III will offer backrubs and cunnilingus in exchange for a warm bed to crash in when I miss the bus. Reply to busboy70@hotmail.com

Madcap Lust

SWF 3rd yr seeks darling boy to lure into my room and eat with a tiny dessert spoon. Must be willing to lace me in my periwinkle corset. Into wearing clown noses a plus. Reply to lovablenush@hotmail.com

SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL




BY ANNA MURCHISON, CONTRIBUTOR

I HATE CHANGE

















So it was three long months away from these ol' treelined halls, three, long, long, months spent working that most dreaded of all summer jobs: retail. And finally, I return to the place where hair is all colors of the rainbow and people pierce places most people in my town haven't even heard of. A magical fairyland where dreams come true and there are no mandatory gym classes. My first three days back and what do I hear? In every lounge, every common space, overheard in the saga line, blatantly shouted among my halls: THE NEW KIDS ARE HOT. "Did you see that new girl, she's hot." "Practically every girl in my orientation group

was hot." "did you check out that oh so attractive guy below us?" Fucking new kids. I remember a time when I was the object of curious fourth years' perverse fantasies, I was new and young and I could have a funny lost look in my eyes without people thinking I was stoned. If I didn't know how to pass a div 1, it was ok! I could have nothing done and my whole college career ahead of me. Now I feel old and embittered, not scared shitless like the fourth years, not enervated in work like the third years, not chipper and bright eyed like that largest of large classes, good ol' fall 2001. What's more, people expect me to have PRODUCED something. I can't just frolic about the

Hampshire tree anymore, making daisy chains, and pondering that wealth of two years before I have to be div 2. The advisors start getting that nervous look in their eyes, and you break out in a cold sweat when you think of the SS div one project that's still only a paragraph long. Not only is this host of beautiful first years infected my school with their new newness, but they have taken my rightful place as ingenue, as sweet and innocent (yet manipulative) First year. I feel violated. They should be expunged.

It occurs to me that I've just spent my entire first article alienating a quarter of my readers.  Shit.

THE ADVENTURES OF JASON'S SOUL #1

<p>WELL, WELL... IT SEEMS THAT MATTHEW IS UNABLE TO INSTALL DESTINY! MY CHANCE, AT LAST, HAS ARRIVED!</p> <p> </p>	<p>WITH STEALTHY DISCRETION, I WILL OVERHAUL HIS DESTINY! STAND, THEN, AND INVOKE THE SACRED NAME: "XAXX!"</p> <p></p>	<p>BEHOLD!</p> <p>A SWORD GRANTED THROUGH THE AGES!!</p> <p></p>
<p>STAND WITH ME, AGENTS OF THE FUTURE! VANQUISH THE TRUSTED SMART BEFORE ME!</p> <p> </p>	<p>YES! STAND BEFORE ME, MARKEDLY CONFUSED!</p> <p>  WTF?</p>	<p>WENT??</p> <p> </p>
<p>I SAID, MATTHEW SUK!</p> <p> </p>	<p>OH, WELL, YOU GOTTA DO WHAT YOU GOTTA DO!</p> <p> </p>	<p>THE END!</p> <p> </p>

BETH'S LIST OF RANDOM SUMMER THOUGHTS

1. Waffle Houses rock. No matter which one you go to, they're all the same. Same brown and yellow décor, same booths right next to the kitchen area so the waitresses can easily bend over to pour you more of your favorite beverage.

2. I harbor very bitter feelings towards people from decently well off families, and I never had these feelings until I came to Hampshire. I spent the summer cleaning up after self-interested I have a maid/nanny at home who cleans up for me rich kids. Best conversation snippet from snotty rich kid I was a counselor for:

Me: "Please pick up that freezy pop wrapper you just threw on the ground"

Little Snot: "No."

Me: "You know, part of growing up is learning to clean up your own messes"

Little Snot: "No, growing up means having someone else clean up your messes for you."

3. I have made it my mission this semester to destroy Zak Kauffman's immortal soul. Do not believe what you read in the Omen last semester. Zak Kauffman fakes his remorse for the tragedies of last semester, and Matthew and I as of yet are not dead. I am planning an appropriate punishment for Zak Kauffman.

4. Maine truly is a small world. My roommate this summer was from Old Hallowell, Maine. She had gone to school with my good friend Jen Jackson.

5. I love fairs. On the Eastern Shore of Maryland, where I spent my summer, every small town has its own little fair. What's so great is that all the games and rides are homemade. And there's always lots of fatty food such as funnel cake (none of that yankee fried dough shit), fries, real homemade ice cream, and beef, LOTS of beef. I also love all the displays of things people can win prizes for, from Lego buildings, to baked goods, to photography. Dude, and the kids in the Little Miss Pageant are cute as hell.

6. I have a huge city girl fascination with large tractor equipment. We're going down the tiny gravel and tar road in our beat up old Suburban and to the left is the biggest tractor I've ever seen, with this scary attachment full of sharp looking disks. So big, so scary, yet so new and fascinating. My fellow interns na-

7. Tractor and Horse Pulls are experiences that all people should have at least once in their lives, otherwise they shall die an unfulfilled life. And it's not so much the event as it is the surrounding atmosphere.

8. College is only a means of delaying real life. For all my friends who stayed home and didn't/couldn't afford to go to college, their lives are so

much more real than my own. They have kids and husbands and real jobs and real bills. Every time I go home I get "The Married and Pregnant Update" from my old friends. They pay out of pocket, while I pay with the promise of a future in loans.

9. They tore down my fucking playground. Those Recreation and Parks bastards destroyed my haven of childhood dreams. They took away my swings and my carriage jungle gym and my sandbox. They replaced it with two of those damn cookie cutter playground sets that look like the playground sets at every other fucking playground. However, I discovered an awesome playground made almost completely out of old tires of various sizes. Shredded tires must be the absolute best playground padding.

10. My elementary school has a brand new wing. Everything was strange and short. My old Gym teacher is still there and she still does the stupid Magic Ball Skills thing I sucked at. She gave me C's

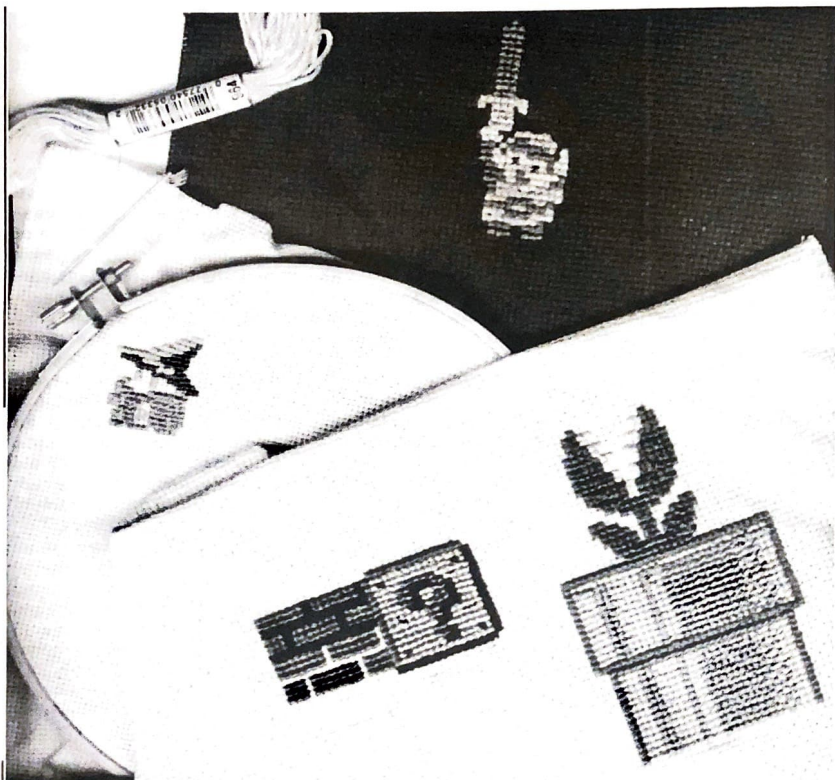
cause I have no eye hand coordination. Damn her. My kindergarten teacher somehow remembered my name. She still lives in her pink gingerbread house.

11. I still get to see movies for free at the local movie theater I worked at. I'm happy.

I STILL GET TO SEE MOVIES FOR FREE AT THE LOCAL MOVIE THEATRE ... I'M HAPPY.



THIS IS WHAT CHRISTINE DID WITH HER SUMMER VACATION



It gets lonely at the Circulation Desk.



HAMPSHIRE'S FUTURE ALUMNI

This week we would like to highlight Hampshire's first year students. We salute you for making it this far and making asses of yourselves:

"Like. Oh, my God. A secret passage way."
(Hampshire girls discover that Dakin's bathrooms are connected.)

"Are we going to learn about our own philosophies or about other people's?"
(A girl in Philosophy, Relativism, and Truth class.)

"It's like watching your child take her first steps."
(A pothead's comment upon seeing someone's first experience with marijuana.)

"What's wrong with my eyes?!"
(See above.)

"No. I swear. I'm still drunk."
(A first-year student several hours after three shots of whiskey.)

"A brownie is a cookie. It's a subcategory."

"Do you guys know where I can find the washer, dryer, and all that stuff?"
(Unsuspecting Hampshire student stumbles upon the Omen staff working.)

"I'm going to make edible underwear out of fruit roll-ups and save myself some money."

"What? There are no grades here?"
(A first-year student at the President's welcome.)

"That movie was a comedy. That means it's funny."



A BLOODY NAPKIN

*Fornicating Manihottas
Holy goupade alan prostitutes
wanking stoges*

— Simon Scher



JOE AND THE GIANT PENIS

A lot of people have been telling me lately that I should write for the Omen again. Fine. I like to tell stories and lately people have been getting distracted right in the middle of 'em. Guess I'm losing my touch. Sooner or later you have to commit things to writing anyway.

This story happened this summer. It begins just as a party was winding down and I was giving my friend Rafil a ride home. As we walked to the car we heard the sounds of a frat party several blocks away. Rafil, who was very manic that night, wanted to go. The idea never even occurred to him that we would be rejected, humiliated, or possibly beaten at this frat party. Rafil was like that when he was manic. I drove him there anyway because I had nothing better to do and because I could run faster than him.

I parked a good two blocks away and we walked to the party; small groups of tipsy freshman girls walked with us (on the other side of the street). Rafil waved at them and shot me a maniacal grin. Maniacal and manic come from the same root, you know.

At the door, we were greeted by a sizeable man with an equally sizable flashlight. He cast a look at Rafil, an Indian with a Tori Amos shirt two sizes too small and nails painted silver; then at me, a pasty, long haired Hampshire student in a Misfits shirt. He was at least nice enough to ask if we were on the guest list; we left.

Twenty minutes later, in an all night coffee shop, I suggested to Rafil that there was no shame in going to bed at 3 AM.

"No!", he hissed in a manic

voice. His eyes narrowed like Batman's. "Builder's Square is still open."

"What do you want to build?" I asked.

He stared at his plate of nachos for a long moment and when he looked up his eyes were ablaze. "A penis! ... A giant penis!" Surprisingly, only about half the coffee-shop patrons bothered to look up.

Hardware stores are an interesting place at 3:30 AM. There are people still buying hardware at that hour - people like Rafil. As for the workers, their bleary-eyed faces, deprived of both sleep and sunlight, reminded me of some strange deep-sea fish.

By contrast, Rafil was now leaping about like a monkey being chased with a stun-gun. He grabbed a cart and immediately threw three hard hats into it. Then he raced to the paint section and grabbed three cans of spray paint; one purple, two pink.

"I'm tired", he said suddenly. "Can you push me in the shopping cart?"

Damn Rafil and his Jedi mind-tricks.

I began to push him around the hardware store and he gleefully snatched up some carpet samples.

"Now all we need is a shaft.", he said.

I pushed him over to a very tired Mexican immigrant who obviously thought we were a gay couple preparing for some sort of "Construction Worker" sex game.

"Hi", chirped Rafil, "I need something-uh-something round, and about five feet long."

He gave us a length of industrial card-board tubing and we

were on our way to check out. Our total ran about \$40 and Rafil paid in cash.

I drove Rafil home and he had no less energy when he began spray-painting detailed purple veins onto the cardboard "shaft." He even went over them with a thin layer of pink so they would look more realistic.

"Rafil", I said, "I have to go to bed."

He called me the next day and asked me to come over to look at the penis.

He had cut the end of the tube at an angle and attached a hard-hat to it, which he had painted purple. At the base, were the remaining two hard-hats, painted pink to match the shaft. He had cut up the brown carpet samples and glued them to these. It looked, remarkably, like a five-foot long penis.

"It took me almost an hour to drill a urethra into this fucking hard-hat.", he sighed.

"Well, that's quite a penis you've constructed. What are you going to do with it?"

"Dunno", he said as he put the massive construction on his head like a hat.

"Raaaaafil?", it was the voice of his mother. In a panic, he bent over and hurled the massive dick into a closet and slammed the door shut.

"What mom?"
"Are you kids drinking in here again?"

Later we were in Rafil's Lexus, which, by chance, has a sun-roof. Since he was driving, it was my job to support the giant phallus, of which two-feet or so projected from the sun-roof.

To my horror, Rafil drove back

BY SASHA HORWITZ, CONTRIBUTOR

I had never happened to me before. So when she started I remember only being scared, a byproduct of surprise. She had a pretty face. They all do don't they, especially then. While it was happening I could only see the back of her head, because it went down pretty far.

I was driving for god's sake. I was concentrating on the road. My window was up, because of mosquitoes.

My voice was receptive. I had one thing on my mind. She had another. There are rules of etiquette every self-respecting girl with a big mouth should know. DRIVE-ING! We weren't hanging out a party, I wasn't sitting con-

centrating on the road and waiting. When she started I didn't think "hey this is nice". There was no time to.

At a party its usually expected. "Hey, how are you?"

"!!!"

"WOW!"

Sometimes its so good a tear will scratch a clean line down your face. It hi-fives you and brags, "you didn't even have to ask."

I was looking forward, ahead, paying attention to the lines and cones and signals and maybe the leech filled pond up on the left. I couldn't turn my head, to look at her as she came closer, but I knew what she was doing. Everyone knew what

she was doing. I don't think a Ninja could pull that off without distraction. As her head grew nearer, I peeked to my right. At first I wanted to see what she was doing. Then to see if she was doing it.

She was.

He arms held me tightly, restrictively, tutorially. This was the first time for me, in a car.

AS I SWERVED TO MISS A FAMILY OF DUCKS, I HIT A MAILBOX. NOW I HAVE A DENT, OUTLINED IN BLUE, BUT NOT TOO DEEP. I SMILE WHEN I SEE IT. THE DENT WILL ALWAYS REMIND ME THAT Road Hug is as good as they say.



JOE AND THE GIANT PENIS

continuations

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

to the frat-house from last night. After blowing the horn a couple times, we saw someone come to the window of the second floor. Rafil rolled down the window, "Won't let me into your party, huh?", he screamed, "Well now I have a giant cock!" I did my best to accommodate him by raising the phallus up and down, as if it was fucking his sun-roof. However the final destiny of the phallus was yet to come. Rafil drove on into Terry Town, one of the richest neighborhoods in Austin. I already knew where he was headed. There was a girl there he fancied; she never dated him but he liked to stalk her. "Stalk" is perhaps not the best term for what Rafil did to this girl; suffice it to say that leaving five-foot high penis on her door-step was not unusual.

"Her parents are in France", he said, "Let's leave it on her door-step." Like a mobster with a dead body, I opened the car door,

slung the enormous penis over my shoulder, and crept up to the house. When we got to the front door, I noticed a flag-holder.

"Rafil", I whispered, "We've come this far, we need to hang the penis up like a flag." We tried to do so, but the incredible weight of the thing kept pulling it down. In the end, we had to return to Rafil's house and get some PVC pipe to anchor the penis in place. When we were done, the penis projected from the wall of the house and towards the street at a perfect right angle; its testicles hanging beneath it like some exotic cave formation.

Now what I have not yet mentioned in this story is that this took place on the night of July 3rd. Before we went home that night, we stopped to steal a miniature American flag from a parade route, which by providence, fit perfectly into the urethra which Rafil had drilled. I went home

thinking it was all worth it to know that any early rising residents of Terry Town would be greeted with a nice, patriotic stiffy 4th of July morning.

I heard from Rafil the next day around noon. Apparently this girl had spent last night and didn't come home until late the next evening. The other thing we didn't know was that her street was on a neighborhood parade route. Apparently none of her neighbors had possessed the nerve to do anything about the penis, but we were pretty sure the poor girl's family would be snubbed at the next block-party. Rafil said he did a reconnaissance to check on his creation and saw a horrified father hiding his children's eyes with his hands.

Yep, that was the biggest cardboard penis I ever saw. No part of this story is a metaphor in any sense.



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